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To a Summer Cloud

and Other Poems

BY
EMILY TOLMAN



BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
1914

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SEP 26 1914

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NOTE

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TO A SUMMER CLOUD

I ~~sail~~ with you
The heavens blue,
Transported into regions new.
On lightest wing
I soar and sing,
And quaff the cool elysian spring.

Without a care
To drift in air;
Oh! who would not such rapture share?
Thus glad and free
Our course shall be
O'er verdant land and shimmering sea.

Your fleeces white
With silvery light,
So shining fair, so softly bright,
E'en now they fail;
Yet why bewail
The change to yonder lucent veil

That floateth by
To faint and lie,
A fading speck in azure sky?
A moment's grace,
A film of lace,
That too has gone, nor left a trace.

Yet still I seem,
As in a dream,
To sail the swift aerial stream;
And still on high
My soul doth fly
On joyful wing through ample sky.

THE HERMIT THRUSH

IN the deep, solemn wood at dawn, I hear
A voice, serene and pure, now far, now near,
Singing sweetly, singing slowly,
Holy! oh — holy, holy!
Again at evening dusk, now near, now far,—
Oh, tell me, art thou voice of bird or star?
Sounding sweetly, sounding slowly,
Holy! oh — holy, holy!

IN THE ARNOLD ARBORETUM

FROM open ways where friendly roses smile,
And sculptured chalices the laurels bear,
Where golden orioles flash through orient
air,

The purling brook and fairy ferns beguile
My lingering feet adown a dim, cool aisle,
'Neath hoary hemlocks lifting hands in
prayer,
Where world-old rocks their Maker's might
declare,

Rearing majestic minster pile on pile.

On hallowed hush of this cathedral close
There falls a sound like chiming silver bells:
To listening laurel and to waiting rose
The priestly thrush his lyric message tells,
The sylvan secret that the hemlock knows,
The solemn mystery of the woods and fells.

COMMON PLEASURES

I MAY not cross the ocean
A distant land to see,
But there's a winsome meadow
Which I may hold in fee;
A rippling rill runs gaily
Adown the daisied lea.

I may no old cathedral's
Majestic spires behold,
But solemn woods are whispering
Their secrets manifold;
In their dim aisles of verdure
I learn things never told.

I have my storied castles
With towers and turrets plain;
It needs no toilsome journey
Their portals fair to gain;
The way to them is easy —
'Tis only down the lane.

Here is no Alpine mountain
With cloudy crest sublime,
But summits still more lofty
The soul is free to climb;
On heights serene I wander
At quiet eventime.

No painting rare and wondrous
Of artist could outshine
The colors of the sunset,
Mixed by a hand divine;
And, dear heart, no old master
Made face so sweet as thine.

IN A HAMMOCK

O SLUMBEROUS south wind, soft and low!
Soothing my soul to rest,
No sorrow now my heart can know,
Nor care invade my breast.
Slow sail the clouds o'er summer sky;
Below the oriole swings, and I.

Tomorrow? hush that word of dread;
I only know today.
All thoughts of toil or pain have fled;
Here would I ever stay.
For me yon tuneful thrush shall sing,
While thus I sweetly dream and swing.

I do not think; I only feel;
I quaff the Lethean stream;
Soft languors o'er my spirit steal;
This is content supreme.
O gently swaying linden tree!
I know no life apart from thee.

A VOICE OF THE NIGHT

THIS is the hour of nature's calm repose.

The winds that all day long have known no
rest

Have sunk to sleep upon the mountain's
breast.

Its balm of peace the summer night bestows:

And nothing stirs save where the river flows

With soothing murmur on its seaward quest,

While high above the dusky mountain's crest

The full-orbed moon in radiant beauty glows.

The vesper sparrow and the pewee sleep;

But now from slope of yonder wooded hill,
Beside the river, rising dark and steep,

Loud, ringing notes the lonely watches thrill,
Smiting the silence, erst so calm and deep,

With wild, impassioned cry of "Whippoor-
will!"

A SUMMER SCHOOL

Do you wish a standard summer school
Where clever doctors teach?
Then go to Woodland Institute,
Professors Pine and Beech.

Not a school on earth so old as this,
Founded before the Flood;
Its pupils come from every race,
Peasant and princely blood.

For instruction in philosophy
With myriad points so fine,
O where will you find a wiser head
Than that of Professor Pine?

Do you care for art and poetry,
The flowers and ferns are there;
Who so renowned for skill in these
As graceful Maiden-hair?

As for music, there is Madam Brook,
And the great composer, Bird;
More enchanting melody than theirs
You surely never heard.

Many other branches you may take,
The common and the rare;
Though shady the meaning, some complain,
As is the case elsewhere.

You'll have no need to carry a trunk;
There's one for every tree;
And books will cost you nothing there,
For leaves are furnished free.

The fee that is asked is only this,
Attentive ears and eyes.
Bring these, and the Woodland Institute
Will make you glad and wise.

APRIL

THE brook unbound, full-fed by winter snow,
Pursues its tuneful way.
The glad earth thrilled by vernal sun doth grow
More smiling every day.
From boughs that only buds prophetic show
The robin sings of May.

MY RICHES

MINE is the gold of sunset,
The glory of the dawn,
The splendid star that shines afar,
The dew-bejewelled lawn.

Mine are the pearls and opals
That fall from wayside spring,
The silvery notes from thrushes' throats,
Through woodland aisles that ring.

Mine is the rare embroidery
Of lichen on the wall,
The airy grace of fair fern-lace,
Meet for a prince's hall.

Softer than Persian carpet
The moss beneath my feet,
In dewy dells, where floral bells
Toll out their perfume sweet.

Banks cannot hold my treasure;
It needs no lock nor key;
None 'neath the sky so rich as I,
Who hold the world in fee.

THE MOSSES

IN dusky glade, 'mid leafy shade,
The patient mosses grow.
The mouldering stump and cold grey stone
Their fair embroidery show.

Above their reach the pine and beech
Uplift their branches high;
And through their myriad trembling leaves
The vagrant breezes sigh.

At every turn a fairy fern
Stands decked in robe of lace;
Or magic Circe's pallid flower
Uplifts a winsome face.

'Neath these I seek the mosses meek,
In humble ways that dwell.
Teach me in some sweet ministry
My life to live as well.

THE YELLOW BIRCH

FIRM is thy foot, and green thy tresses shine;
Yet seemest thou with mighty passion spent:
O woodland nymph! what hopeless grief is
 thine,
That thou art thus with silken raiment rent?

OLD FIELD BIRCH

BETULA POPULIFOLIA

THOU lovely lady of the lowly field,
Thy lustrous beauty and thy tender grace
So joyously and freely thou dost yield,
To bring a blessing to this barren place!

I know not in what guise thou art most fair,
With leafless boughs, in April's bridal veil,
When summer zephyr stirs thy shining hair,
Or bows thy golden head in autumn gale.

Let others praise the stately forest tree,
Broad-breasted oak, tall beech, or princely pine;
In thy fair form a rarer grace I see;
A heart to cheer the desert waste is thine.

CONSIDER THE LILIES

THE violet with a winsome face
Looks up from mossy slope,
And ever there with tender grace
Teaches the world to hope.

The daisy talks to men of love
In field or lane or street;
The message sent from Heaven above
A thousand tongues repeat.

And then that never child of God
May wear a face too sad,
He sends the glowing goldenrod,
To make the autumn glad.

SONG OF A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE

A THOUSAND buttercups uplift
Their chalices of gold for me;
And dandelions, starry gift,
Klondikes of wealth unfold for me.

In meadow low from lids of blue
The violet doth smile on me;
And sparkling gems of early dew
The grasses keep awhile for me.

The lichens on the old stone wall
Their rare embroidery trace for me;
And carpets meet for lordly hall
The woodland mosses place for me.

Such riches in my claim abound,
Such gladness holds one day for me,
Of all the fortunes ever found
Oh, none compare with May for me!

A multi-millionaire am I;
My bank has bounty scored for me;
For low and high, in earth and sky,
Are countless treasures stored for me.

EASEDALE

FROM Rotha's vale I turned aside
To Easedale's lonely height,
And followed far my joyous guide,
The dashing torrent's light.

Full many a merry dancing rill
Of cloud and tempest born,
Sang on its way adown the hill,
Gladdening the summer morn.

The foxglove raised in stately pride
Its wand with crimson flushed;
The rocks upon the mountain-side
With lowly heather blushed.

I loitered in the firgrove's shade,
And lingered where the burn
With sparkling diamonds besprayed
The plummy tufts of fern.

Then bending upward still my course
Afar to regions new,
I left behind the foaming force,
Its music fainter grew.

Deep-set within those barriers green
With grass and spreading brake,
Upon the mountain-top serene
There lies a lonely lake.

So low above it bends the sky,
 So high the mountain's shield,
Within its placid bosom lie
 The stars by day revealed.

How still it seemed! No zephyr stirred
 The lake's pellucid breast:
Nor dip of oar nor wing of bird
 Ruffled that perfect rest.

Nor grove of fir, nor foxglove fair,
 Nor force with noisy cheer,
Could have for me a charm so rare
 As that solitary mere.

Though toil and care my days should
 fill,
My soul its healing knows;
'Twill bathe in Easedale's water still,
And find again repose.

AMONG THE TREES

'NEATH hoary hemlocks in a dusky glade
I linger long in pensive solitude,
Pondering 'mid the philosophic shade
And solemn murmur of the ancient wood
Grave mysteries of evil and of good.

On sunlit hill I meet in blithe array
White hosts of birches, tossing in the breeze
Their tresses bright, like merry maids at play;
Forgotten are life's problems while with these,
For now my heart is dancing with the trees.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE

Quoth the Lily to the Rose,
“Would I knew the fire that glows
In thy bosom’s inmost close,
O thou rare and radiant Rose!”

To the Lily quoth the Rose,
“Would I knew thy calm repose,
Cool and pure as alpine snows.”
To the Lily quoth the Rose.

GREENLAND SANDWORT ON MOUNT
MANSFIELD

WEE winsome little flower,
That bloomest on this height,
Where storm clouds darkly lower,
And tempests fright.

There's not a tree would dare
To lift its head so high,
Where thou so frail and fair
Dost face the sky.

The meekest may aspire,
Nor fear the tempest's shock,
With heart of brave desire,
Cling to the rock.

GOLDENROD

OH! gaily glows the torch of gold
From the mountain to the sea;
No grudging gladness here is doled
For want and misery.
Whoever will may have and hold
The light of liberty.

Then let brave England have her rose,
And fair France her fleur-de-lis;
But the gladdest flower that grows
Is fit emblem of the free,
And of the boon that God bestows,
O happy land! on thee.

THE FRINGED GENTIAN

TILL summer days are over
Thy coming is delayed.
The chill and frosty night dews
Thou facest unafraid.

Here standing by the brookside,
Where purple asters wait,
Where cardinal flaunts his banner
In proud and princely state.

And there in fertile meadow,
Or deep and dusky wold,
Where lowly mosses linger,
And ferns their fronds unfold.

Or e'en on open hillside,
Exposed to sun and dew,
Thine eyes with sweet fringed lashes
Reflect the heaven's own blue.

What though the days grow darker,
And Summer joys be past?
I'll trust the Love that sendeth
This best gift at the last.

THE CLOSED GENTIAN

SUMMER sits in purple state;
By the brookside asters wait;
But the gentian cometh late.

Though her sweet lips close are pressed,
Yet her secret unconfessed,
My foreboding heart hath guessed.

Leaves of maple blush and burn;
Goldenrod and lady fern
Happy message bare in turn.

Surely she who cometh late
Hath foreseen the dreaded fate,
Winter standing at the gate.

Yet she will but bravely smile,
And conceal sad thoughts the while
Cheerful suns the world beguile.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

WE wandered idly down the valley,
And through the whispering wood;
While high before us veiled in vapor,
Bold Cannon Mountain stood.

The lake upon its limpid bosom
Mirrored the hills around;
And each one in the tranquil water
Another mountain found.

And now behold, from lofty summit
The white mist melts away;
And there appears the giant profile
Of stone, so grave and grey.

How thy majestic, august presence
Rebukes our trivial speech!
If those dumb lips could only open,
What lesson would they teach?

What mystic wizard's wondrous wisdom,
What learned lore of sage,
Would issue forth from those calm portals,
To echo down the age?

Thy memory follows me with fancies
I've never known before;
The mystery I fain would fathom
I ponder o'er and o'er.

Sometimes in dreams the sealèd secret
Seems whispered in my ear;
But when I longing wake to listen,
The voice I cease to hear.

Still far above our eager striving
Thou dost abide alone;
Serene alike in sun or shadow,
Thou noble face of stone.

THE MAIDEN'S QUEST

O FOREST leaves that quiver!
Will ye tell my longing mind,
If ye know aught that ever
In the future I shall find?
The leaves began to shiver,
And said, Go ask the wind.

Pray tell me, O wind that blows
O'er every lawn and lea,
Is there anyone who knows
What the future brings to me?
The wind in a flurry rose,
And said, Go ask the sea.

O vast, mysterious ocean!
Canst thou the future tell?
Shall I by love's devotion
Be held in mystic spell?
What glad or sad emotion
Will in my bosom dwell?

With ever the same unrest
The waves still beat on the shore;
But this I heard for my quest
In low, monotonous roar;
In blessing thou shalt be blest
Forever and ever more.

THE NATION'S DEAD

IN martial lines, grave after grave,
A stone at every head,
Thousands and thousands of the brave
'Neath Southern skies lie dead.

From Western plain, from Granite State,
From shore of lake or sea,
They heard the trumpet call; their fate,
To die, dear land, for thee.

Above, the stately cypress towers,
And waving willows weep,
And roses through the summer hours
Their fragrant vigil keep.

Green grows the ivy on the wall,
And pansies' thoughtful eyes
Look up where lift magnolias tall,
Chaste blossoms to the skies.

By yon dumb cannon frowning dark
Loud sings the mockingbird;
The note of fearless meadow-lark
Near bayonet fence is heard.

They sleep who won through deadly strife
This peace so dear indeed;
That we should live as true a life
Their grass-grown graves still plead.

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS

WE are coming, starving Cuba, long our ears
have heard your cry ;

By that lone star shining dimly your deliver-
ance draweth nigh.

“ New occasions teach new duties ” ; and this
truth at last we see ;

Ere we beat our swords to plowshares, we must
set our brother free.

So from Yankee-land and Dixie, from the states
of palm and pine,

We are marching to your succor, we are falling
into line ;

Lo, from Texas and Montana, from the moun-
tain and the plain,

We are marching, many thousands, to subdue
the tyrant Spain.

Pause a moment, haughty Spaniard, ere in vain
your blood shall flow ;

For a mighty voice proclaimeth, “ Ye must let
my people go.”

Hear our battle-ships and cruisers sailing o’er
the Southern sea,

Boom from every frowning cannon, “ Strug-
gling Cuba shall be free.”

Know 'tis not for gain or glory that we raise
our banner high;
For the holy cause of freedom, would we dare
to do and die.
We are marching, we are marching, lo, we come
by land and sea!
God of battles! speed our errand, in the name
of liberty.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

A New Version

BEHOLD o'er the sea, where the lone star's pale
light

O'er palm-shaded island so faintly is gleam-
ing,

A glorious banner unfurled on the height,
From whose radiant folds a new brightness
is beaming!

O the sad and distressed, O the weak and op-
pressed,

Whose courage revived as that banner they
blessed!

The doom of the tyrant, the joy of the free,
Long wave that bright ensign o'er land and
o'er sea!

On the south wind was borne a piteous cry,
To Columbia's ears for deliverance pleading.
Her many-starred flag she unfurled to the sky,
And sent o'er the waters her gallant host
speeding.

The defenceless to save, of her treasure she
gave;

She spared not the blood of her strong and her
brave.

The doom of the tyrant, the joy of the free,
Long wave that bright banner o'er land and
o'er sea!

O shine on fair stars, with thy message of cheer
To all men whom merciless tyrants would
plunder;
Thy stripes will cause none save oppressors to
fear;
For them the sure vengeance, the cannon's
loud thunder.
O let none despair, while there floats on the
air
That emblem of love for the wide world to
share:
And pray that the star-spangled banner long
wave,
The hope of the helpless, the pride of the brave.

ON THE WAY TO MESSINA

TO OUR FLEET

January 4, 1909

O DIRE disaster! Woful need!
For help our brothers loudly plead.
To save the lost, the famished feed,
Speed, battleship, speed!

Not leaden hail and death to deal,
Yours be the task to help and heal,
A nation's pity to reveal,
Speed, battleship, speed!

Your frowning guns cannot conceal
Beating beneath your ribs of steel,
Kind hearts their brothers' woe that feel.
Speed, battleship, speed!

Though earthquake, flood, and fire appall,
Though fearful rack and wreck befall,
Yet love is mightier than all.
Speed, battleship, speed!

THE MARINE'S PRAYER

On the *Texas*, off Santiago, July 3, 1902

HOORAY! Hooray! we done 'em up complete;
Just smokin' hulks left of the Spanish fleet;
And we lost nary a ship nor a gun;
But didn't the Colon just give us a run?

All hands on deck, is it? Well, what's the row?
Ain't no more Spaniards sailin' round now.
Yonder stands the Captain with his head bare,
Right over agin the mizzen-mast there,
Our Captain that nothing on earth could scare:
What's that he's sayin'? Somethin' 'bout a
prayer,
An' givin' thanks to God, I do declare!
Ay, ay, sir; well, maybe it's only fair.

Does seem's though we'd had more'n our nat'ral
share
O' luck; only one man killed on our side;
When so many of yon poor devils died,
Who just can't hit a mark for all their pride.
I will own up I felt middlin' queer
When that shell a busted so awful near,
And sent a piece grazin' my larboard ear.
I dodged her, an' says to myself, says I:
Jim, when yer time comes, you've got to die;
But now you just set to work right spry
With this ere charge, an' let her fly.

A gun's in my line; I ain't much on the pray;
But if Cap'n says so, do' know but I may.
When I was a shaver, what did we say?
"Now I lay me"—I ain't a goin' to lay!
O Lord, good Lord, fix it up yer own way.
Shootin' Spaniards off Santiago Bay
In tropic sunshine ain't precisely play;
Yet blamed if I ain't glad I seen this day!

FARMER BROWN'S SOLILOQUY

DAN says no country is so grand as ours.
We surely are the greatest of the powers.
Four hundred million dollars, so they say,
It takes each year our bill of war to pay.
And when I ask him who we're goin' to fight,
He owns we've not a single foe in sight:
"But then," says he, "a nation such as ours
Must keep abreast of all the other powers."

And down at yonder fort, he says they show
A wonderful machine-gun would lay low
A solid blooming regiment or so
About as easy as I lift this hoe.
For one great battle-ship we're goin' to pay
Full twenty million dollars, so they say.
No nation surely is so grand as ours:
Dan says we are the greatest of the powers.

And when I tell him some folks live in dens
Too rotten mean for decent pigs or hens,
And little children toil for daily bread
In mills and sweatshops till they're almost dead,
He says: "Our country must have forts, you
see;

And armaments come mighty high," says he.
When I mention fields waitin' for the plow,
And roads and bridges that we're needin' now,

He says our guns and swords are burnished
bright,
And battle-ships all ready for a fight.
Our best young men must navigate the sea,
Dan says, to show the world how big we be.

It costs too dear to fill the dinner pail;
But cash for guns and cruisers will not fail.
And since we are the greatest of the powers,
No country must have dreadnoughts bigger'n
ours.

“ Who foots the bills? ” “ Why Government,”
says he.

“ Which means,” says I, “ just folks like you
and me,

When we're payin' for our bread and tea.”

THE PEACEMAKER

HE who 'mid bursting shells and battle's roar
With life-blood of her bravest saves the State,
Is held in honor evermore,
And all men count him great.

Yet he who calm amid a nation's din,
Doth bid the dogs of war their clamor cease,
A hero is, though he doth win
A victory of peace.

ARMORED PEACE

BUILDING still your costly dreadnoughts,
Ye prepare for foreign foe;
And your battle-ships manœuvre
That your prowess all may know.
But ye heed not warning voices
Of the masses muttering low.

Deep abyss that knows no bottom!
There ye cast your precious gold,
Heeding not the untaught millions
That are gathered in your fold.
While your armaments grow bigger,
Unregarded Want grows bold.

When there come those sure reprisals
From the rude untutored host,
What avail your armored cruisers,
Or the forts along your coast?
Will the inner foe be vanquished
By the dreadnoughts that ye boast?

A COUNTRY PARSON

A MAN of generous breadth and height,
At ease with gun or pen,
And skilled to guide a restive steed,
Or sway the minds of men.

A face that's gentle with the grace
Of manhood strong and brave;
A voice that borrows melody
From deep-toned ocean wave.

He is not over quick to smile,
And frowns on naught but sin,
The while he stretches helping hand
The wanderer back to win.

Taught in the wisdom of the schools,
Yet not confined to books,
He reads the wondrous thoughts of God
In fields and forest nooks.

And every bird or bush or brake
Adds treasure to his mind;
In lowliest lichen of the rocks
He can a lesson find.

I ask not what his creed may be,
Enough for me to know,
To serve his God and fellow men
Is all he seeks below.

MY RESOURCES

Philippians 4:19

THINE are the star-sown spaces;
The salt sea depths are Thine;
Thy riches none can measure;
A little need is mine.

Swift lightnings do Thy bidding,
And the slow, moon-drawn tide;
All forces act Thy pleasure,
My need will be supplied.

THE IMPRISONED BUTTERFLY

Poor thing! no longer beat thy gauzy wings
Against my room's imprisoning pane;
Nor fear the hands of love encircling thee,
That thou mayst wider freedom gain.

O blind and foolish one! to struggle thus
Against the power that fain would save.
'Tis but the gate to freedom and to flowers,
This darkness which thou deem'st a grave.

RESIGNATION

I would not grudge thee journey far
To land of palms and vines ;
But joy to think of thy delight
Where sun of summer shines.

And shall I grieve that thou art gone
Where bloom supernal flowers?
Where never saddening sight nor sound
Invades the happy hours?

I would not call thee back, my love,
From that blest land to this !
Rather these tears than thou shouldst lose
One day of Heavenly bliss.

And though the lingering years to me
Their care and grief may bring,
'Tis sweet to know that thou art safe,
Where joys eternal spring.

O THAT I KNEW!

O THAT I knew the place of thine abiding!
Stands there on yonder star so shining bright
Thy mansion fair of Heavenly Love's provid-
ing?
Or where in God's vast realm art thou tonight?

O could I hear the friendly tones that greet
thee!
The welcome home, the joyful angel song!
O could I see familiar forms that meet thee,
As thou dost move amid the radiant throng!

Tell me, dear heart, what task thou art pur-
suing,
Is it some pleasant work here left undone,
Because thy strength had failed thee in the
doing?
So oft thou wearied ere the set of sun!

Yet fear I not, since 'tis God's hand that holds
thee,
The same that guides the sparrow and the
star,
'Tis sweet to know His gracious love enfolds
thee:
Thou'rt safe, my darling, whether near or far.

PRAYER FOR OTHERS

O THOU who bidst me never faint, but pray,
Upon Thy promises my faith would stay;
And I would come with patience, pleading still,
So sure it is according to Thy will,
Though Thou the blessing sought shouldst long
 delay,
It cannot be that Thou wilt say me nay.

Then send me anything to do or bear,
The hardest task, the heaviest cross or care;
Only on me this confidence bestow,
And grant my heart this blessedness to know,—
Almighty love doth my deep longing share,
Almighty power doth hear and heed my prayer.

“LEST WE FORGET”

O LIBERTY, thy name is passing sweet!
And over all men casts a potent spell.
The savage and the savant love thee well.
Imprisoned patriots thy name repeat.
E'en crimes committed for thy sake men greet
With plaudits loud and peal of joyful bell.
What other can thy matchless charm excel,
In whom all glory and all graces meet?

Lest we forget one lately little praised,
Born ere the stars, forever to abide,
Whose brow serene to Heaven's high vault is
 raised,
By whom the circling orbs their courses guide,
Without whose care e'en Liberty turns pale,
Majestic Law, thy august name I hail!

“ LOVE NEVER FAILETH ”

ONE came called Love with sweet and winsome
air ;

Around her radiant brow gleamed tender light ;
Her bounteous hand strewed flowers rare and
bright.

Indifference met her with a stony stare ;
I looked for Love ; but nothing saw I there.

A gentler one advanced with graceful tread ;
At cool Indifference she softly sighed ;
While eagerly, “ Behold I love ! ” she cried.
Fierce Hate drew near with envious fancies
fed :

The flowers withered, drooped, and “ Love ”
had fled.

At last appeared a form divinely fair,
Above whose brow was borne a lily white,
And on whose breast a blood-red rose glowed
bright.

The heaviest burden she essayed to bear,
And smiling stooped the humblest task to share.

Though bruised and bleeding were her hands at
night,
Her fervent heart Indifference could not chill ;

This Heaven-born Love not cruel Hate could
kill.

Still red the rose glowed in the waning light;
Still fair and stainless shone the lily white.

THE TWO ANSWERS

“ How seemeth death to thee? ”

“ Like one with aspect full of gloom,
And brow that's written o'er with doom,
Who leadeth to the dismal tomb:
Thus seems dread death to me.”

“ How seemeth death to thee? ”

“ The shadow of a rock that stands
In desolate and weary lands,
Where noontide heat is on the sands:
Thus seems sweet death to me.”

A NIGHT THOUGHT

Do night's long hours drag wearily?
In vain thou seekest sleep?
It may be One would speak to thee,
Whose love thy soul doth keep.

Some message He may have to give
Thou couldst not hear before,
Amid the busy strife of day,
Its din and loud uproar.

"Speak, Lord," then cry, "Thy servant
hears,
And fain Thy will would know."
Then in the silence and the shade
There cometh answer low.

And thou shalt find that wakefulness
Is sweeter e'en than sleep;
And through the sacred, silent hours
Shalt Heavenly vigil keep.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER

I PRAYED that I the love of Christ might know,
And little dreamed for what I made my prayer.
Could He on me this priceless boon bestow?
Could I know love like His, so passing fair?
 Who would such wondrous grace attain,
 Must tread like Him a path of pain.

He showed me those I counted friends could
 sleep
In midst of my most dread Gethsemane;
That they for whom my yearning heart would
 weep,
In selfish fear could flee, nor think of me;
 And said, "Wilt thou my suffering share,
 Thou shalt find answer to thy prayer."

A crown of thorns was placed upon my head;
They pressed it hard upon my bleeding brow.
" 'Tis ever thus that men crown love," He said;
"A little of my love thou knowest now.
 In patience then this chaplet wear,
 And thus find answer to thy prayer."

And yet my love grew still more deep and
 strong,
Till day and night I raised one ceaseless cry;
"Forgive, and lay not to their charge this
 wrong;

O save these, Lord, though for them I should
die!"

"That thou," He said, "the cross wouldst
bear,

Is proof that thou my love dost share."

And now I thank Him for the lesson sweet,
The lesson learned through sacrifice and pain,
Since it has brought me nearer His dear feet,
Nor count the loss for the far greater gain.

In heart enriched with treasure rare

I find the answer to my prayer.

EASTER MORNING

HE came to her ; she knew Him not,
Nor dreamed her Lord had risen.
Sweet spices brought she for the form
A tomb could not imprison.

A common gardener He appeared
To eyes that tears were filling.
Her name He spoke,— and all her soul
With Easter joy was thrilling!

Still oft He comes in humble forms,
Through least of these appealing ;
To those who serve in faith and love,
The Lord of life revealing.

NOT LOST

O HEART to love and strive so strong
That even death seems little cost!
Though full fruition waiteth long,
Think not such mighty force is lost.

Thou movest Heaven, and earth below,
Though cold and dead, the life must share;
And surely cometh, swift or slow,
The answer to thy love and prayer.

MAN'S MEASURE

Who little is, doth little seek,
Him trifles satisfy;
The brave ascend the mountain peak,
The highest need the high.

Who little seeks doth little gain,
Nor climb above the clod;
The earthly on the earth remain,
The nobler soul seeks God.

“YE HAVE NEED OF PATIENCE”

OH, for a tongue of fire
To flash forth flaming words
That should burn deep into dull hearts,
And stir the slothful soul to noble deeds!
Oh, for a pen dipped in my life's warm blood;
That I might rouse the selfish and supine
To hear and heed the sad world's cry!
To utter one such word, and die!

But mine's the harder task,
To speak with faltering tongue
That robs the burning thought
Of half its sacred fire;
To write with heart aglow,
And never know reward;
To see spent arrows fall;
To sow and not to reap;
To walk with trembling feet the path
I would have others firmly tread:
For this my task, O God! I crave
The patience of the perfect Christ.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT

HE entered my door, the blithe New Year,
And a smile on his face wore he;
The while in his hand a gift he bore,
That seemed of little worth to be.

He went from my door, the grey old Year,
Ere I knew that his gift to me
Was the best of all good gifts in store,
The jewel, opportunity.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF

LEAVES red and gold and brown drop softly
down,

And sadly do we sigh, O dreary fall!

When lo! through branches bare in distant sky

We see God's stars clear shining over all.

Friends die, and bright hopes fail us, one by
one,

Then sadly do we sigh, O life most drear!

Till through the empty spaces we descry

The changeless love of God still shining clear.

“ HIMSELF HE CANNOT SAVE ”

THE highest praise of all,
Though meant for mocking jeer.
Others He came to save,
For Him the nails, the spear.

Could He both keep and give?
Himself for us He gave;
He needs must die for love;
Himself He could not save.

So who would save must give,
Nor think himself to gain:
Who would make others live,
Must spare nor love nor pain.

DAILY BREAD

“GIVE us this day our daily bread”—
What need have I to pray this prayer,
Whose table every day is spread
With bounteous fare?

“Hast thou no hunger, then?” one said;
“Is every want quite satisfied?
And for thy mind’s sustaining bread
Hast never cried?

“Or, if thy mind has all its share,
Is there no hunger of the heart
For love, that in this daily prayer
May have a part?

“Are body, mind, and heart all fed?
Yet surely then thy soul hast need;
‘Give us this day our daily bread,’
Thou still mayst plead.

“Whatever hungry want be thine,
Thy Father’s house hath bread to spare;
Oh! then thou canst no longer pine;
Enough is there.”

TWO FRIENDS

Two friends had I; one with smooth speech
Did soothe my soul to rest,
And one to nobler life essayed
To stir my slothful breast.

When at my dearest sin he aimed
His sharp and stinging dart,
I saw not in my blindness how
It hurt his own brave heart.

And so I loved the first full well;
The other I did hate.
Which was the true friend, which the false,
I learned, alas! too late.

THE HARDEST TASK

It were not hard, my friend, to die for thee,
Could I in dying turn thee toward the light:
'Tis this is hard, to live and love, yet see
Thee slowly sinking toward a starless night.

'Tis hard to strive with utmost strength in
vain,
To rouse thy soul a nobler life to live;
To note thy sure decline is keenest pain;
Not death itself a sharper pang could give.

A cross more welcome were than bed of down,
Might I amid the agony but know
My life's long hope had won at last its crown,
That thou, my friend, to nobler life wouldst
grow.

GOD'S MEASURE

A CENTURY is short
To that Eternal Power,
Whose purposes are wrought
In nation or in flower;
To him it matters naught,—
An eon or an hour.

MY FRIEND

I HAD a friend,
Noble and true he seemed:
I woke one morn
To find I had but dreamed.

My fervent love,
My prayers to him were vain,
And gave my heart
Too fond, but grief and pain.

Yet still I wept,
Nor ceased my soul to spend
In loving well
What fancy made my friend.

Years passed, and lo!
My patient love hath taught
My friend to grow
The noble friend I sought.

A STORY IN STONE

THE Nubian Desert lies before,
The sun shines on the yellow sands,
The Nile glides by the golden shore,
Where Abou Simbel's temple stands.

On either side the portal wide
Behold a noble, stately pair;
With princely plumes, in pomp and pride,
Colossal, calm, the brave and fair.

King Rameses, the strong, we read,
The monarch great in peace or strife,
Made this for one he loves indeed,
And who loves him, his royal wife.

Thus reads the hieroglyphic tale
Three thousand years engraved in stone;
One glimpse it gives behind the veil
That time has o'er their story thrown.

The tale the distant ages tell
Is still the theme of life and song;
Nor high nor low escape the spell,
While human hearts beat true and strong.

No more we see a king and queen,
But simple man and woman know,
Though centuries have rolled between,
Love was three thousand years ago.

MOLLUSK AND MAN

“O GIVE me ease and comfort!” said the clam,
As in the mud he settled down content.
By guarding shells protected from his foes,
The well-fed mollusk grown quite indolent,
A slothful clam remained in calm repose.

Another creature cried, “Here is no rest;
I must find food the while by foes distressed;
And if I would not die,
I must run or swim or fly.”
Long ages passed. By dint of toil and strain,
This one evolved a backbone and a brain;
And so at last, according to the plan,
There stood upon his feet, erect, a man!

“O give me ease and comfort!” said the man;
But Nature looking forward was too wise.
“You will never get ahead
Without effort”; so she said;
“’Tis only he who struggles wins the prize.”

MICROBES

IN food or air or water
Some microbe sets its snare;
And mischievous bacilli
Are lurking everywhere.

They're crowding close about us
On that side and on this,
The crystal glass they're haunting,
They're hiding in a kiss.

Of things that most delight us
We're told we must beware,
Lest some malicious microbe
Thus lure us to his lair.

Visions of germs arising
Invade our hours of bliss;
Bacilli in procession
All happiness dismiss.

And so of all the microbes
The worst beyond compare,
The little one called worry,
Has caught us unaware.

SEPARATION

BETWEEN my love and me, an ocean vast.
I crossed the tide, stood by her side at last;
Ah cruel fate! she will not hear my plea;
And lo! a gulf more wide than swelling sea
 Between my love and me.

GENERAL S. C. ARMSTRONG

Died May 11, 1893

ALIKE from lowly hut and lofty hall,
From cabin of the black man or the red,
A common lamentation comes from all,
Our General's dead.

The dusky host of those whom Lincoln freed,
By thy kind hand from darker bondage led,
Cry out, "The man who was our friend in need,
Alas, is dead!"

The swarthy Indians on the western plain,
Inspired by thee the white man's road to tread,
In many tongues repeat the sad refrain,
"Our Chief is dead."

Those palm-fringed isles on far Pacific's breast,
That for our land this generous hero bred,
Lament, "Of noble sons, this one, the best,
Too soon is dead."

Above earth's moan, across the shadowy sea,
From Heavenly shore, methinks I hear reply;
"Who cares for least of mine doth care for me,
He cannot die."

THE QUAKER POET

A FRIEND, indeed, to God and fellowmen,
Who bloodless war didst wage with mighty pen,
Whose cause was that of every man oppressed,
Whose trumpet call the cry of all distressed.

A Friend to nature, too, and evermore
New beauty seems in river, sea or shore,
In dreaming lake, in shining clouds that rest
At evening on the purple mountain's crest.

At last, as ripe leaves drop, or falls soft snow,
Or singing streams to brimming ocean flow,
Or slow suns sink on other worlds to shine,
So passed his spirit home to peace divine.

IN MEMORIAM, M. E. R.

March 5, 1902

'MID snow and flowers is laid that form so dear,
· 'Mid flowers and snow;
Fit emblems of the life so sweet and pure,
She lived below.

The tranquil lilies lie upon her bier,
And roses glow;
While over all from the calm heavens above
Soft falls the snow.

...
Now as the voice of trustful prayer ascends,
Our sore hearts know
That healing balm that gently over them
Falls like the snow.

IN MEMORIAM, C. F. B.

St. Helena Island, South Carolina, November 1, 1904.

SHE speeded on her eager quest,
Nor backward looked, nor paused for rest;
By passion pure and high possessed
 Like flaming fire.
Still forward toward the goal she pressed
 In strong desire.

A sudden halt,—distinct and clear
The summons came. Without a fear
She passed from out the now and here,
 The “splendid strife,”
And fared forth to a wider sphere
 And fuller life.

Oh! in this world of sordid greed,
So slow to feel another's need,
Still may we hear her intercede
 With failing breath,
And for our dusky brothers plead
 Even in death.

TO S. O. O.

On her ninetieth birthday

THE fairest time of all the year
Is the month that you came here,
Dear lady of the ninety Junes complete.
On that distant natal day
Methinks I hear the roses say,
“ I love her,” and the lilies whisper, “ Sweet ! ”
The laurel pledged a myriad cups of cheer.
Then softly buzzed the busy bee,
“ The child shall have a gift from me
That shall last through many a happy year.”

June after June has brought its treasures now,
Till in your heart's blood flows
The richness of the rose ;
The peace of lilies rests upon your brow :
And 'tis plain for all to see
That the busiest little bee
With such as you no longer can compete,
Dear lady of the ninety summers sweet.

TO W. S.

On his ninetieth birthday

THOUGH snows of ninety winters crown thy
brow,
Eternal summer in thine heart doth reign.
Years matter not, my friend, to such as thou,
Who know'st from joy or grief new grace to
gain.

Thou keep'st thy youth as yonder pine that
wears
Its verdurous crown through years of sun and
snow,
Its broadening boughs and climbing spire it
bears
Aloft, and healing balm doth still bestow.

What matter though the eye of sense be dim,
Some things thou seest far better than the rest;
Eternal verities hid not from him
Whose mind and heart are earnest in the quest.

That sought by traveller on the new world's
shore,
The fountain of perpetual youth, seems thine:
None who have this need passing years deplore,
An inward spring fed by the life divine.

A GOLDEN WEDDING MEDITATION

THE robin sang in the treetop,
The violet smiled in the wood,
Apple-trees bloomed in the orchard;
And life, it was fair, it was good.

The years, fully two score and ten,
Have passed like an arrow sped;
And the times have strangely altered
Since the days when we were wed.

Summers and winters, together
We've watched their treasures unfold;
The crystal and silver are over,
And now we've come to the gold.

Though life has its trouble and sorrow,
There's more of gold than of dross;
And for those who live it aright,
The gain outweighs the loss.

If one thing is sweeter than morning,
'Tis evening's dewy charm;
And after the heat of noonday,
We welcome night's coolness and calm.

O robin! sing on in the tree-top,
And violet, smile in the wood,
And trees, bloom again in the orchard;
For life, thou art sweet, thou art good.

THE IDEAL

COULDST thou in vision see
Thyself the man God meant,
Thou nevermore wouldst be
The man thou art,— content.

COLUMBUS

ONE braved an unknown sea, new worlds to
gain,
And for his service won prison and chain;
Yet none need fear with such his lot to cast;
The centuries will guerdon bring at last.

EVOLUTION

GOD looked adown the ages
With patient, steadfast plan,
And saw in primal star-dust
His last great purpose, man.

“BEHOLD YOUR KING!”

A KING indeed, though bleeding, bruised and
bound;
To Him at last the world its tribute brings,
And learns from One who with the thorns was
crowned
That royal hearts, not royal robes, make
kings.

THE LAW OF LIFE

HE who would truly live,
Nor lose the highest prize,
Must know they gain who give,
They save who sacrifice.

WHO IS GREATEST?

Nor learning, nor lands, nor vanquished foes,
Nor gold, nor regal state,
Only the love that thine heart bestows,
Can make thee truly great.

THE AWAKENING

SHE waked as from a troubled dream,
In Heaven's glorious day.
To her rapt soul how short must seem
The night just passed away.

AS ONE HAVING AUTHORITY

GREAT Cæsar spake; Imperial Rome obeyed his
word.
The world long since forgot what there was
heard:
But ponders well the words One spake beside
the sea
To humble fisher folk of Galilee.

HER FACE

No burning bush still unconsumed
We need on Horeb drear;
A face by light divine illumed
May show the Lord is here.

THOUGHT

SWIFTER than swallow's flight,
Silent as shadow's fall,
Unmeasured in its might,
Unseen, yet ruling all.





